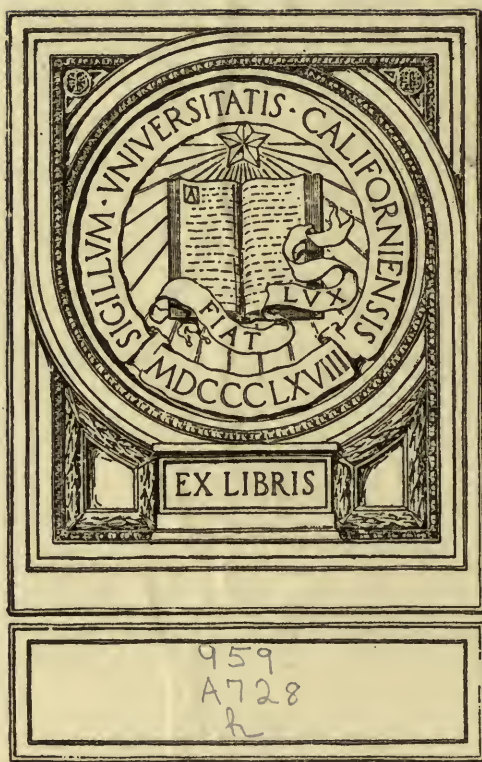


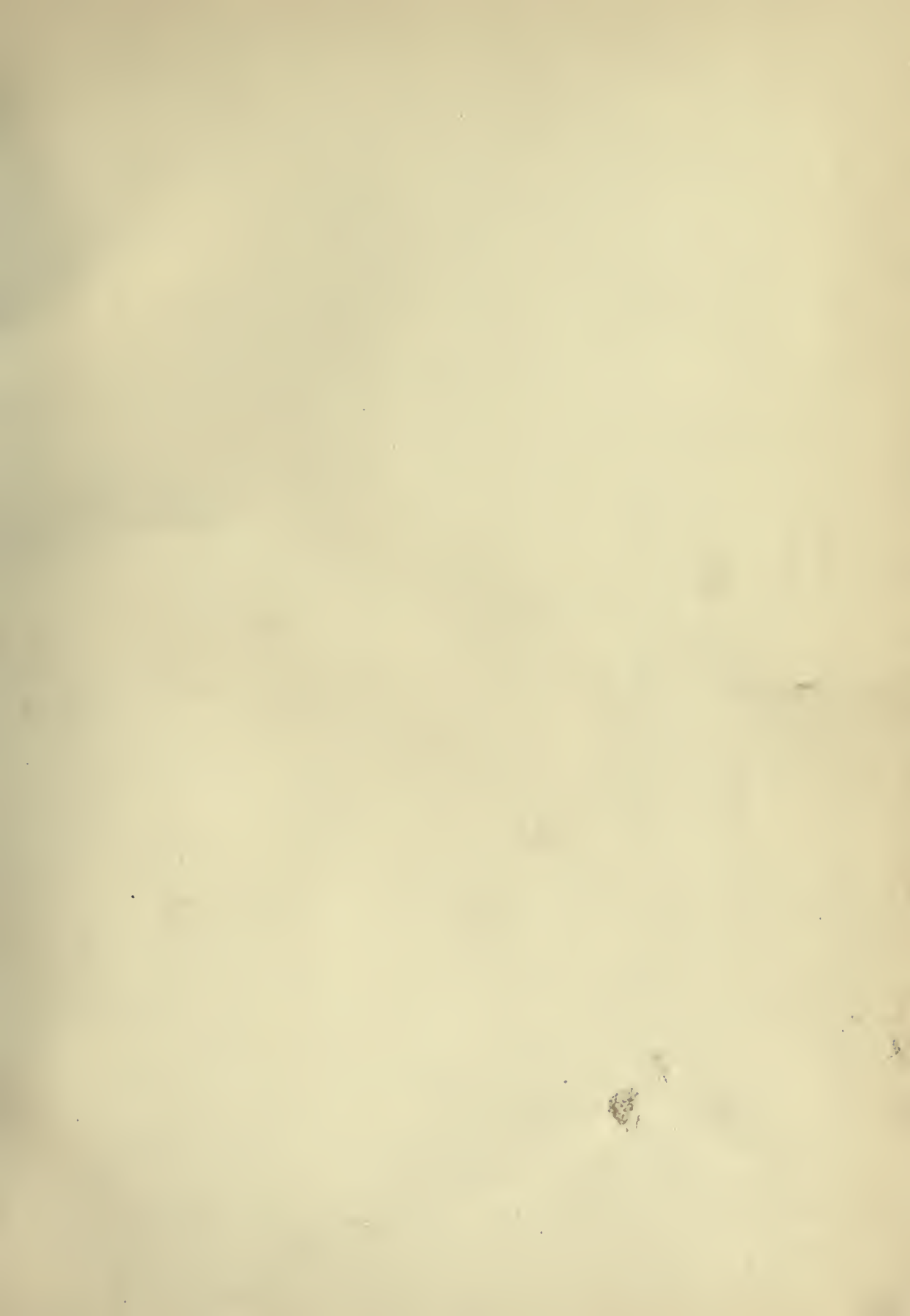
UC-NRLF



\$C 25 430



959
A728
h



THE HANGING GARDEN
AND OTHER POEMS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

90 3100
A10007140



THE HANGING GARDEN

THE
HANGING GARDEN

AND OTHER VERSE

BY

MAXWELL ARMFIELD

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR
BY THE AUTHOR



LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL,
HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD.

THE
GARDEN
OF
GOD

Copyright.

First Published, 1914.

TO THE
LIBRARY OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

PR6001
R73H3
1914
MAIN

NOTE

THE arrangement of these verses is, in the main, chronological, covering the period 1902-14, approximately.

"From a Prison Window" is reprinted with the concurrence of "The New Statesman," in which journal it first appeared, and "The End of the Wood" was printed in "The Open Window"—a safety-valve now closed.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
DEDICATION	13
STUDENT DAYS	15
DE PROFUNDIS	31
THE HANGING GARDEN	39
A TUNE OF TOWERS	49
COTSWOLD POEMS	55
ENVOI	73

TO MY WIFE

DEDICATION

*OUT of our Hanging Garden, Little One,
Between the firmament and the abyss,
May there come fairer herbs and flowers than this
Before our gardening is done.*

*In the cold days before you came to me
To weed my garden, some of these were born,
In windy weather on a cliff forlorn,
Out of the sun's way, by the sea.*

*It is not strange that they are things uncouth,
The weeds still cling that choked them as they grew—
And yet I love them, and would bring to you
The best there is, dear, of my youth.*

STUDENT DAYS



FROM A PRISON WINDOW

After Verlaine

ABOVE the roofs, the sky
So calm, so blue, so high ;
And rocking in the breeze,
The leafy tops of trees
Behind the roof so high. . . .

And in the clouds one sees
Behind the whispering trees,
A towered bell, that chimes
Between the scented limes,
Above the sound of bees.

And the sweet flowers among,
Singing his plaintive song,
A little slender bird,
His piping scarcely heard,
Nor very sweet nor strong.

O, but how sweet life is !
How simple ! And what bliss
That peaceful murmur brings
Of the town's happenings ! . . .
And that I should say this !

From a Prison Window

O, you who weep alone,
O, say, what have you won,
You ; from your eager youth ?
Tears ; and this place uncouth ?
. . . Say, shall it be undone ?

Above the roofs, the sky
So calm. A bird . . . and I.

THE WHITE STAG OF ARMORY



THE WHITE STAG OF ARMORY

THE WHITE STAG OF ARMORY

O PALE white stag under your green oak tree,
You bound through the ages with wild thoughts
for me ;

Pale thoughts and dim that throng the dying day,
Strange thoughts that troop out of the north to me,
O pale white stag on the shield.

Now you are chained and sad, and one would almost say
You too were heavy with dreams of the past, and away
As we through the wild dark woods of fancy that lead
to the sea,
Where Cleena flies with the foam and smiles out of the
spray.

O white, white stag on the shield.

Strange thoughts that throng out of the north to me
Whisper, and on the wind-rippled tapestry
They hunt, my sires and their hounds, but the deer are
spotted grey
And in the ladies' pleasaunce the white deer I see,
O pale, pale stag on the shield.

Pale thoughts and strange that throng the dying day,
Whence Cleena flies with the foam and smiles as she
turns away,
Whisper more of you than may be sung of me,
More than is good to think of or good to say,
O pale white stag on the shield.

BUTTERFLIES

After Jean Richepin

STAY, O butterflies, and dance
On the fields together ;
Or, at least, no further chance
Than the cliffs of heather.
Space enough that seems to me
For your dainty sporting,
What would you do out at sea
With Neptune's steeds cavorting ?

"Gloomy stranger, let us be ;
We are tired of ways we know ;
That is why we seek the sea
Of brighter promise—let us go.
Who are fed on honey-comb
Find at last its sweetness pall,
Leave their feast half-sick, and roam
Seeking everywhere for gall."

But the blossoms for your need—?
Out there on the barren deep
No flowers bloom nor any seed
Do the wasteful waters keep.
Poor wee things ! Unhappiness
Alone will bear you company.
You will die of your distress
On the bleak fields of the sea.

Butterflies

“O this tedious arguer,
Whose sour and gloomy warning
Like a black extinguisher
Clouds our sunny morning!
Don't you see these emerald fields
Patterned thick with posies?
And each broken wave-crest yields
Lilies, pinks, and roses.”

Butterflies, O heed me well.
Can you not for madness see
That the flowers of which you tell
Are but idle phantasy?
In a garden of deceit,
Blinded by the dazzling rays,
Spring, with flowers at her feet,
Dances down the sunlit ways.

“If the sun deceive our eyes
With the flowers she seems to scatter,
We believe the false surprise—
And it please us, then what matter?
If they fade away, away
Ever as we farther venture,
Still it makes us merry play.
Wherefore then your chilly censure?”

Butterflies

Go, gay comrades, you are right.
To the far horizon too,
With their pinions keen and bright
All my longings fly with you.
Let us go in clouds of glee
—Butterflies and singers—
Frail things on the tameless sea.
Mad is he who lingers.



KNIGHT OF THE ROCKING HORSE

KNIGHT OF THE ROCKING HORSE

For Michael Goodman, with his portrait

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury cross—
Or anywhere else, over road, moor, and moss.
There's nothing to stop a knight like you—
If he wants to—from riding to Timbuctoo.
O, well we ride and far we ride
When the nursery table's a mountain side,
And the edge of the carpet the sea-girt sands,
Whereon a miraculous castle stands.

Sing away on your dapple-grey,
Knight of the paper helmet gay,
Far you will ride ere evening,
But never a happier song will you sing.
O, far you ride and merry you ride
With a seven-year-old heart inside,
Anon you will go on many a quest
For happiness, and judge this best.

Ride away to Banbury cross,
Or Gollywog land over road, moor, or moss,
And long may your heart keep young inside
As to Heaven—or Wall Street—on you ride.

BAIAE

"Et ego in Arcadia——"

ROCKED in warm plumes of dusky green,
Far Baiae scarcely to be seen
Of two so treacherous sleepy eyes :
Between the blue of sky and sea
With just the sun for company
I also am in paradise.

Was your Arcadia like mine
Dear poet ?—just a tall stone-pine
Standing where sapphire waters flow,
And from its warmly scented crown
Shaking pale glaucous pollen down
Over the blue deep, far below.

Or was it some cool place of dream,
Unstable as that white supreme
Sea-palace of Caligula's,
Built where the water's wrath was done,
Where round the pile's vermilion
The shallows gleamed with chrysophras ?

How he would dream—when sleep at last
Came, and the fears of day were past—
That monstrous waves rolled in on Rome,
And, like Cuchulain, in extreme
And fearful ecstasy of dream,
Die, with sword flashing through the foam.

Baiae

My Nymphs bask in Italian sun,
But your Ideal Arcadian
Perhaps was rosy in a plaid.
And was as shy, couched in the heath
No doubt, as these I see beneath,
And when she saw you, as afraid.

I see you in a sultry June,
Dazed with the shrill cicada's tune,
Dreaming of some pale Northern race
Whose Nymphs were shy and hard to woo.
And then perhaps you dropped off too—
With sun like this, in some such place.

THE WOOLWINDERS

AGAINST the gleaming wall they look
Like shadows from some faeriland,
That wave a white uncertain hand
From the dim pages of a book.

And as they wind the scarlet strands
That gradually the bobbin fill,
Its vivid tint makes paler still
The faint rose of their slender hands.

The one whose hair is like the bloom
On grapes that fall for being ripe
Might almost seem to be the type
Of those whose ways are cast in gloom.

But she whose yellow hair is pale,
Like Grecian gold, is queen of those
For whom the stream of laughter flows ;
With her no sadness can prevail.

Her mouth is sweeter to be kist
Than all the mouths of East or West ;
There are more secrets in her breast
Than all the sages ever wist.

How like a tangled scarlet skein
Our little life is wound away,
And, laid aside, we wait the day
When we are needed once again

The Woolwinders

To make His huge design complete
That, always old, is always new,
All lives, like threads, enwoven through
The arras of the Infinite.

ENGLAND TO IRELAND

LONG in your dark hair shrouded,
With eyes that did not see,
Sad eyes, with salt tears crowded
Because of me ;
Long have you sat thus, sadly,
Your grey sky pale and clouded,
Above the sea.

If I should now ask pardon ?
It is too late, you think ?
Would your poor bruised heart harden,
Your tired head sink,
Or would you lead me gently
Into your cool dream-garden
And bid me drink ?

I see your fair face lifted
Above the weary sand ;
And though your harp be rifted
Beside you stand
Your best and sweetest singers,
They who have dreamed and drifted
Through faeryland.

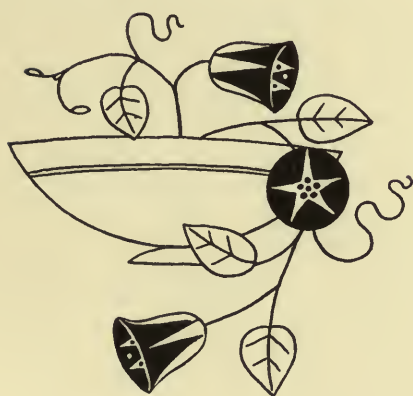
O Ireland, we are weary
Of Life without its Art,
The days grow dim and dreary
In change and mart ;

England to Ireland

And even I, the scoffer,
Am haunted by the query,
“Is hers the better part?”

Will your name stand, I wonder,
When my great name is dead?
When my battalion's thunder
Is quieted?
Forget then, and forgive me—
Or must we dwell asunder
Uncomforted?

DE PROFUNDIS





DE PROFUNDIS

DE PROFUNDIS

A Poetic Sequence

I.—IN THE DARK NIGHT—LOVE

WHO is this that comes here all unbidden,
Turning my dreams to thought, my thoughts
to fever,
Standing motionless all the night beside me—
Moving nor saying——?

All the night the wheels below in the city
Rattle, and every hour the church bells jangle;
Sleep passes and shuddering goes by swiftly,
Never returning——

But You—are always there, silently smiling—
Turning my thoughts to dreams, to dreams that fever,
So that I turn and turn and know that always
You are before me.

Who are you then, with eyes that never leave me,
Eyes that are calm, that shining beyond the tumult
Stir not at all nor beckon, eyes that always
Smile and are happy?

I would be happy—— As a reed in tempest
So I bend, stretching my tired hands to You,
Here on Your knees I lay my tired head, crying,
Praying for respite——

De Profundis

2.—UNTO THE HILLS

UNTO the hills I lift mine eyes.
No other arms
Offer me shelter. For the world
And its alarms
With discord all my spirit fills ;
So, from its noisy market hurled,
Out of the deeps I raise mine eyes
Unto the hills.

Out of the deeps I lift mine eyes.
No word of grace
For me is any more below ;
From place to place
Wandering, whilst every other sleeps.
Weary I go
And, seeking, raise my tired eyes
Out of the deeps.

Unto the hills I raise mine eyes,
Out of the deeps ;
And see above their purple bars
—Whilst the world sleeps—
The summit that all peace instils,
Against the stars.
Hope wakens in me as I rise
Up to the hills.

De Profundis

3.—THE FIRST DAWN

SURELY upon the mountain brow, afar,
Between the pale snow-twilight and the snow
Some one is travelling—or has a star
Loosed and let go?

I will stay here awhile and wait the light
That trembles nearer with each piercing gust ;
So might some angel drift upon the sight
I dare not trust.

How quiet of a sudden. And how still
The hush of falling radiance shed on me—
O Love, give me Your strength, and take my will
And make me free.

Swift as the shrill wind in his yellow hair
He speeds, amid a whirr and whispering
Of wings and scattered flowers that make fair
His travelling.

Is it a sword that gleams within his hand?
It is not sharper than the way I go ;
The rock is rugged, but one cannot stand
On shifting snow.

De Profundis

Blinded with light, and stricken to the ground,
All seems so far away, and yet so near—
And voices singing, "Who was lost is found" . . .
And making cheer—

Between the pale snow twilight and the snow
The stars sink back into a rosy sea,
The wind is hushed—and I am still, and know
That I am free.

4.—THE END OF THE WOOD

I LOVED your face, dear, long ago,
But now I bring
The promise of a worthier love
As offering.
I have been far, O, far, and suffered—
Now I sing.

Yes I have followed other lures
And unbeat ways,
But still the ancient love endures,
And your past praise
Spurs me as surely as at first
In dim far days.

De Profundis

All the world's roses have I seen—
Each with its thorn—
And for my praise of many a queen
But gathered scorn,
Until the dark wood's boundary seemed
A hope forlorn.

But now the heavy branches bend,
And passing through
Where all paths find a common end,
Dim in the dew,
I come on old familiar things—
The sun—and you.

5.—FULL DAWN

I HAVE brought flowers and branches from the
wood :

I put them in your hand, and then likewise
My love I offer you. Ah, if it could
Make the gift fairer to your wakening eyes !

From far I come to you,—still wet with dew
That the leaves dashed across my hurrying face.
O, as you brush it from the flowers, would you,
Beloved, but take my brow in your embrace.

De Profundis

Let me be still a moment at your feet,
And while the dawn unfolds the light above,
Join in the song of praise that, as is meet,
Rises anew to the great heart of Love.

We cannot know God otherwise than this,
Yet, if we love as brothers in this place,
We can declare Him, we can know that bliss,
And praise Him for the guidance of our ways.

THE HANGING GARDEN



THE HANGING GARDEN

I N the land of summer weather,
Where storms are over and done,
I know a hanging garden
Hung in the sun ;
And through the unclouded weather
I go there when day is done.

Against the cliff it hangs there,
From whose shadowy intervals,
Dropping into the valley,
White waterfalls
Dew the white flowers that grow there ;
And rose-coloured are its walls.

In the time of summer weather,
When the deep skies are blue,
She sits in my hanging garden,
My lady true ;
Clothed all in scarlet and purple
She walks there. And I walk too.

But five paces forth and backward
From wall to rosy wall,
From agave to grey agave—
It is so small.
And the fig leaves fan her in passing,
My lady is so tall.

The Hanging Garden

Fair she goes, forth and backward,
And holds herself so high
The birds that come flying downward
Out of the sky
Light on her arm and shoulder
For branches—as they go by.

The birds flying down to my garden
Out of the yellow flood,
Whisper to her of holy things
Well understood,
And she talks of things high and noble
And helps me to be good.

We go there when day is over
And the scattered stars from the skies
Fill with deep love my garden,
Fill her clear eyes,
And I read there most holy secrets
That help me to be wise.

But when the dawn is calling
Forth I must go and down
Under the fair white water
Into the town,
To share all day in the market
The things I have been shown.



THE MESSENGERS

The Hanging Garden

AUTUMN IN ENGLAND

THE wind's across the uplands
That gently dip and rise
From Boldrewood to Burley
'Neath quiet autumn skies.

The sun floods up the valley
From Bistern and the sea,
Where white sails make a necklace
Round France to Italy.

The white ships pass and vanish,
O, and it's autumn there—
But here the hips are scarlet,
And gold leaves fall on my hair.

The deep leaves in the Forest
Are green with the early dew,
And it's happy I am in England,
For here it's autumn too.

A DREAM COME TRUE

TIME was when every leaf that stirred
Wakened my pulse to fresh despair—
Thinking I had you by me there,
When it was but a moving bird.

But now the world is wrought in rhyme
And we above it on the wing.
Autumn is merry as the spring
And winter seems like summertime.

The city is a faeryland
Of changing colours, and the street
Gracious as grass beneath our feet,
Now we are walking hand in hand.

Now we are walking side by side
The little daisies from the grass
Look up and smile to see us pass,
Happy—the bridegroom and the bride.

PRAYER FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

SOMEWHERE, someway
There is a gap for me to fill to-day.
Some space somewhere
Is waiting for the stone I have made square.
Some one somehow
Will surely show me where that place is now.

Nothing, no one
Can blind me to the work that must be done.
No one, no way
There is can draw me here and there astray ;
No stroke untrue
Shall spoil the work that I alone can do.

One aim, one plan
The Architect reveals to every man.
One stone, one place
Is his, till in the fullness of the days
Each one will come
And enter the great universal home.

THE REAL WORLD

WHEN all the ways were gold with sheaves
Or green within a patterned tent,
Where the blue came between the leaves
I sometimes thought myself content.

But soon the golden sheaves were gone,
The green ways withered into grey,
And through between the branches shone
The pale sky of a wintry day.

And then it seemed the loveliness
Of gold, and deep green-patterned blue
Were threadbare places in earth's dress
With God's real world seen faintly through.

So, brushed sometimes by angel's wings,
By thoughts of beauty or of love,
We are made sure of perfect things
No human logic can disprove.

“ HAVING DONE ALL—TO STAND ”

MAID :

SWEET singer, welcome, I am come
To lead you to the king.
He is content that you are home
And he would hear you sing.

MINSTREL :

My lute is broken, and my feet
Are sore with travelling.
Aweary with the dust and heat,
Maiden, how shall I sing ?

MAID :

A glad song at the journey's end
Is thanksgiving as sweet
As sound of pipe or lute, dear friend,
And it will heal your feet.

MINSTREL :

How can I come with thanksgiving ?
Sent out to do his will,
How can I come unto the king
When I have done so ill ?

“ Having done All—to Stand ”

MAID :

The wise man says one may do well
Who does but stand and pray :
The song being sung, you cannot tell
Where it may fall or stay.

MINSTREL :

I will go in and know no fear,
Even unto his throne
With thanksgiving, that all may hear
That his desire is done.

THE KING :

Each hour one comes with joy, to tell
Of your sweet song, dear son,
That it has made a sore wound well,
Stand henceforth by my throne.

A TUNE OF TOWERS



DAY OF
CALIFORNIA



"OUT OF THE EAST HE CAME"

A Tune of Towers

A TUNE OF TOWERS

I.—THE FORTRESS

STRONG men built this
Out of the North,
With pick and hammer
To prove their worth,
Against the hordes of the Queen of Dis.

They built in the day,
And all the night
They watched the marches
With torch for light,
Never sleeping or sick, they say.

Out of the North
They came with laws,
And every man
Could bring his cause ;
And with equal justice went he forth.

Strong men were they,
With shield and blade
They guarded well
What they had made—
In the dark night a glimmer of day.

A Tune of Towers

2.—THE LIGHTHOUSE

Over the grey rocks soughing of the wind,
And flecks of foam from the great heaving sea ;
And she and I in that dim greyness, still.

Then from the grey tower on a sudden—flame.
A thousand tongues of joy flaming to earth
The everlasting mandate. As we turned,
Smiling to each other, and within
Some sense of the Eternal stirring woke,
I cried back answer to the towering flame,
Crying out poor words of her I loved ;—

“ When the whole world seems sad and very grey,
You are such torch of flaming loveliness
Whereat I wonder and am filled with pain ;
For all my sins uneasily rise up
Incensed at the still peace that wraps you round,
Yet is my sadness turned at last to joy ;
For in that calm white flame of purity
I yearn to, the dream-pleasures of desire
Poor flimsy creatures—with a little gasp
Shrivel from sight. And as the beacon fire
Shines to direct the captain to his goal,
Not to itself, nor steals his captaincy ;

A Tune of Towers

Having displayed to his bemuséd eyes
The narrow way that winds among the rocks
To harbour : so the loveliness you show,
That rushes through you as a rippling flame
Unconsciously returns me to that course
Whereon I shall find respite from all fears.
Can I but bless you, and in doing this
Worship and praise the Love you image forth."

3.—THE WATCH-TOWER

He came from the land of story,
Out of the East he came,
Seeking of men no glory.
And no one knew his name.

He came with pipe and laughter
To praise the happy hours
And the sheep that followed after
Were decked with scarlet flowers.

The old men liked him little
And the young men not at all.
He cared no jot or tittle,
And slept without the wall.

A Tune of Towers

But the little children loved him,
And when they had been good
He led them up the mountain
By ways he understood.

Up to his little sheepfold
Wherein above the wall
They saw a tiny tower,
With door and steps and all.

Then sometimes he would tell them
Of the strange beasts that came
Out of the rocks and forests—
Great beasts without a name.

And of their stealthy creeping,
And how he built the tower
By night, instead of sleeping—
And now they have no power.

For in their stealthy prowling
They see his towered light,
And with an angry howling
Shrink back into the night.

He lives in the land of story,
Out of the East he came.
He has in mind this glory,
That children love his name.

COTSWOLD POEMS



COTSWOLD POEMS

1.—OVER BUTTEROW

BENEATH a hundred little ways
That wander over Butterow,
And long white roads that wind and laze
In slower fashion down below ;
And still below, and still below,
Where quiet waters take the dawn
Between the tufty willows grey,
And silver mists lie on the lawn,

The little valley is asleep ;
But through its length the iron road
Winds always on from deep to deep,
Lies always ready for its load,
Down where that little puff of steam
Is torn between the sleeping trees,
And the shrill engine-echoes scream
About the valley's gathered knees.

Speeding from Fishguard up to Town,
From London's bustle to New York's,
You pass by Chalford up or down,
And Brimscombe's grey umbrella works.
And never think that Chalford men
And Brimscombe maids look out at you
And vow to see the world some day
Themselves—and ah, they see it too.

Cotswold Poems

You pass by Chalford and France Lynch,
And never see the long white ways,
Twisting and climbing inch by inch
Among the trees, above the haze,
Until you're over Butterow,
And on the hundred windy tracks
That lead about the hills I know,
That fill me with so great amaze.

That fill me with so great a joy.
And far below you glimmer by
Between the fields of level mist,
And the canal that takes the sky.
You speed along and never know,
The stout umbrella in your hand
Is sign that wheresoe'er you go
You are in debt to Cotswold land.

2.—THE GARMENT OF PRAISE

I WALKED by Nymphsfield, on and on,
Across the weary fall and rise
Of naked stubble and wan grass,
That ever met my hungry eyes.

The huddled houses by the farm,
The dismal chapel of some Saint,
Monotonously poor and cold,
Made my heart momentarily grow faint.

Cotswold Poems

Gave me a sense that years and years
Must pass in ignorance and toil
Before, in some remote new age,
We should have tilled this barren soil,

Reared this poor sapling of a place
To semblance of a healthy tree,
Released from bonds this people's grace
And watched them wearily get free.

I walked by Nymphsfield in a dream,
Then, in the twinkling of an eye,
As if I woke up from a sleep,
I stood before a flaming sky.

Below my feet the woods fell sheer
To Frocester village, and the vast
Low plain of Severn lay and burned
Like some Last Judgment of the past.

Wave after wave, and on and on
The light beat up by Frocester wood,
Out from the white-hot heart of Wales—
A purging and refining flood.

Showing the grey grass purest gold,
The grey stone golden through and through
Making all warm that was so cold,
And the waste desert bloom anew.

Cotswold Poems

I strode by Nympsfield light of heart ;
I saw the creeds put from their throne
And each man praising in his art
The beauty he had seen and known.

3.—RODBORO'

WE said good-bye on Rodboro'
One evening in the mist,
Some kids were playing hide-and-seek,
I stood and clenched my fist.

It seemed as I was hidden
Away from all the sun.
In Canada, you told me,
Was work for every one ;
And, what was slightly different,
Good pay when it was done.

Just then the sun came out a bit,
And over Severn plain
Was lovely—all the yellow light
Just looked like fields of grain
Awaiting to be cut ; and then—
Down came the mist again.

Cotswold Poems

" 'Tis always rain or mist or snow,
And work the blessed week."
" You're right," I said ; " I'll chuck it,"
And turned, and kissed your cheek,
And seemed to me you'd gone then,
And all the world to seek. . . .

We said good-bye on Rodboro'
Before the dark had come :
The kids had done their playing,
And I had done with home.

* * * *

I'm coming back to Rodboro'
Among the little hills,
Up where the kids play hide-and-seek
Above the dear old mills.

I've ploughed up miles of prairie,
And cut down miles of corn,
And seen the sun so lovely
I was glad as I was born,
And worked my way from Cariboo
To Lake Mooshaulagawn.

I've made a pile of money
And glad I am I went,
And there's many a sturdy chap out there

Cotswold Poems

Is glad as he was sent. . . .
But, I'm coming back to Rodboro
If I hadn't got a cent.

Oh, I'm coming back, I'm coming back
Because I love it so ;
It warn't the sun I wanted,
Nor gold nor corn to grow—
Or if it was—there's something else. . . .
Or some one. . . . I dunno'.

You can tell them up at Rodboro'
That I am ocean bound.
For I am through with hidin'
And chasing all around,
And I have done with seekin'. . . .
For what I sought I found.

And what I found's in Rodboro'
I guess, as much as here,
So I'm coming back, I'm coming back
And maybe you'll be there
To welcome me on Rodboro'
The day before New Year.

We said good-bye on Rodboro'
Before the Light had come,
And we were only p̄playing. . . .
But now, I'm coming home.

Cotswold Poems

4.—THE ROMAN ROAD

THE long white road the Romans made
Is broad and flat and very straight.
It keeps the hill-top's level grade
From Cicester to Gloster gate.

It was a very different thing
To see the Roman soldiers ride,
And Roman dames in litters swing,
Between the slaves who walked beside. . . .

It's well for us the Romans came
And built and gave us law and road,
Stroud had a very different name
And Nailsworth, then, and Framilode.

The valleys were all choked with trees,
A dark and fearsome wilderness
Wherein no man could rest at ease,
Where you'd not merely tear your dress.

For ravening through the dark ravine
With horrid tooth and eager claw
Went wolves and leopards, long and lean—
And unknown beasts one never saw

Cotswold Poems

Nor heard, save when on some wild day
Of tempest, with a sound forlorn,
Afar across the upland way
Their strange insistent cry was borne.

And Roman soldiers riding by
Drew close about the palanquin
That held their Captain's Lady—pale
And shuddering close-drawn within.

The Ethiopian slaves lay flat
Or rocked themselves and howled for fear.
Whilst her pet ape or Chinese rat
Escaped amongst the juniper.

The woods were dark and very deep
And rimmed the curious valleys round
Up to the brim. 'Tis well for us
The Romans stayed to clear the ground.

And yet, when silver nights are still
And all the valleys full of stars,
That are the lights of shop and mill
Or lurid lamps of motor-cars,

If you but listen, you may hear
To-day that strange insistent cry
Across the tufted juniper
Under the same primeval sky.

Cotswold Poems

For we have further roads to lay
And woods to clear, that we may see
The valleys fruitful ; and to-day
Are slaves from—nearer home, to free.

And ravening through the fair ravine,
With gnawing tooth and treacherous wile,
Go beasts as wolfish as have been,
More cunning and as full of guile.

Their ways are sinister and deep,
They trample all the valleys round ;
But we are waking up from sleep,
And we shall rise and clear the ground.

The long white road that we shall lay
Is flat and broad and very straight.
It keeps the hill-top's level way
From Cicester to Gloster gate.

“ THE LITTLE CITY ”

For Wilfred Rowland Childe

O NOT in dreams the Little City is,
Nor hid in difficult far mysteries,
Out of the future vaguely beckoning,
A half-uncertain glimmer hard to see.
No veil of fatal weaving is
Spread o'er its walls and towers
And sweet sequestered flowers.

If we might only pause a little space,
And in the silence of some starry place,
Folded away from all the “ to and fro,”
Look with attentive eyes upon the hills ;
No dream or idle phantasy
Would meet our steadfast gaze
By the white winding ways.

Not in lethargic memories overgone
Shall we rebuild its towers, nor in the lone
Sad hopeless hoping of Philosophy,
But think and strive and battle for it to be.
Builders, the little that is done,
If you but labour still,
Proves the last pinnacle.

Cotswold Poems

Do you but live ; and let the dream go by
That men count substance. Make and test and try,
You the home-makers, the new citizens,
You the labourers, you the wielders of pens ;
And plain, in heavenly symmetry
We shall each one behold
Its beauties manifold.

FALL-FAIRING

*Song for the Morris-dancers of Northleach
(Tune of "Trunkles")*

WHO'LL come along with me to the fairing?
Who'll dance up to Stow-upon-the-Wold?
One hop, two hop, give your feet an airing,
One, two, three, hop : it's good for young and old.

Up and down first to Bourton-on-the-Water,
Maids and men all with ribbons at your knees.
You take Rose, George, I'm with Janet Porter,
Down into Bourton among the Salley trees.

CHORUS :

You can sing your everlasting song
Of the May-fair, May-bough and all—
But Jane and I,
As soon as you're gone by,
Will sing the praises of a frosty sky,
For we like fairing in the fall, O.

There they come from Quenington and Ampney,
Brown lads and lasses bred upon the wold.
One hop, two, they're driving in from Cerney,
One, two, three, hop, to keep you from the cold.



FALL-FAIRING

Cotswold Poems

Now you can start your May-fairing jingle,
One hop, two hop, all the way to Stow ;
We like the red leaves and all the air a-tingle,
Give me the Fall fair, I'll let the other go.

CHORUS :

You can sing your everlasting song
Of the May-fair, May-bough and all—
But Jane and I,
As soon as you're gone by,
Will sing the praises of a frosty sky,
For we like fairing in the fall, O.

One hop, two, out of Bourton-on-the-Water,
Brown men and maids with berries from the hill.
Sing all the way from here to Lower Slaughter,
To tell them we're coming at the Manor and the Mill.

One, two, three, hop, with ice upon the Windrush,
All up the hill-side among the yellow leaves.
Cheers for Stow and cheers for the fiddler,
And cheers for the frost and the pattern that it
weaves.

Fall-fairing

CHORUS :

You can sing your everlasting song
Of the May-fair, May-bough and all—
But Jane and I,
As soon as you're gone by,
Will sing the praises of a frosty sky,
For we like fairing in the fall, O.

Who'll come back-along with us from fairing ?
Who'll dance back from the Church upon the Wold ?
One hop, two, Jane and I have been a-pairing,
One, two, three, hop, it's done by young and old.

Now you can start your May-fairing jingle,
White boughs a-budding and the little silver bells.
We like the red leaves and all the air a-tingle ;
Ring on finger and the story that it tells.

CHORUS :

You can sing your everlasting song
Of the May-fair, May-bough and all —
But Jane and I,
As soon as you're gone by,
Will sing the praises of a frosty sky,
For we like fairing in the fall, O.

FOR THE LADIES OF MORETON : AND ELSEWHERE

OUT of Moreton and back again,
The ladies ride in the pallid sun,
Laughing, through little spurts of rain,
The summer matches are just begun.

The motors as they whistle by
Like creatures not of God, in pain,
Shriek to the shimmering, quiet sky,
As Justice calls to sleeping men.

With sweethearts, husbands, or men they know,
The ladies ride out from the town ;
They smile and chatter as they go,
Gently rising up and down.

O fair-kept women so soft and fine
Who amble by this languid day,
Do you know they have three sisters of mine
For torturing, in Holloway ?

Do you know they have three sisters of yours
Hid from the shower-washed blue of the sky,
Because they would none of your paramours
And would be true to themselves or die.

For the Ladies of Moreton : and Elsewhere

I hope you are sleeping as you ride.
Some slept there in Gethsemane—
But in Jerusalem abode
A brother of theirs, and awake was he.

It is worse to wake but wake in vain,
And sell for money those who pray.
O, do not laugh so, under the rain
They are watching an hour in Holloway.

Out of Moreton-in-the-Marsh
The ladies ride in the showery sun.
Their laughter mingles short and harsh
With cheering . . . The games have just begun. . .

ENVOI



“AT HAND”

MY heart would go a-wandering
With sailing-ships upon the sea ;
With painted ships to East and West.
My heart would go forth of its nest
With strange companions silently.
*O, stay awhile, my heart, and know
The beauty here before you go.*

My heart would go a-wandering
To dusky islands through whose bowers
The leopard leaps from tree to tree
Where scarlet blooms burn silently
All through the deep nocturnal hours.
*O heart of mine, be still and wait :
'Tis not so far to Heaven's gate.*

My heart would go a-wandering
Across the deserts of the South
Where pale sequestered lilies flame,
And purple flowers without a name
Dropping down honey from their mouth.
*O heart of mine—or here or there
I see that you have far to fare.*

My heart would go a-wandering
Alone, alone upon the heights,
Where the snow-leopard dare not be :



"THE LEOPARD LEAPS"

“At Hand”

Upon high places by the sea
Treading alone the starry nights.
O heart of mine, or heat or cold
Is naught if self your arms enfold.

My heart has done its wandering :
Content at last within my breast.
Now we are ready to go forth
And East or West or South or North
We know at last that home is best.
And high or low or near or far
We may have Heaven where we are.



TO VINDI
ADPOTILAO

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

TO VINDI
ADPOTILAO

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
BERKELEY

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

Books not returned on time are subject to a fine of
50c per volume after the third day overdue, increasing
to \$1.00 per volume after the sixth day. Books not in
demand may be renewed if application is made before
expiration of loan period.

NOV 26 1918

APR 23 1919

MAY 12 1919

AUG 1 1919

AUG 5 1919

DEC 15 1919

MAY 3 1920

JUN 23 1920

JUL 12 1920

YE 18622

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C045595659

Thompson
Chapfield

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

